

The Three Sorrows

by Mathurin Kerbusso

A tale of three brave knights I sing,
Who loved a lady fair.
But she did love them all the same,
Not one would she forbear.
She gave them each three golden rings,
She gave them each three mares,
She gave them each two nights a week,
And thus kept one for prayer.

The lady's name was Constance and
She loved her suitors three.
Each sought to prove his worth to her,
Her husband for to be.
They fought in a great tournament,
Together they did stand.
When all was done two knights lay dead,
And one was less a man.

She took her lonely suitor and
She kept him by her side.
She nursed him and she comforted,
But for the lost ones cried.
"I'll write a song," said Constance, "for
The three who sought my hand."
"Three sorrows is too much to bear,
I'll take no other man."

"O, sing your song, fair Constance," said
The knight on bended knee.
"But sing not of the two who died
In glorious chivalry."
"For each held two great jewels a piece,
Kept in a silken purse."
"Though dead, they kept theirs; I lost mine
And thus my fate is worse."

"So, sing your song, good Constance,
But remember what I've said."
"O, sing of two who died and one
Who would be better dead!"
"O, sing of your three sorrows and
The mem'ry of your loss."
"Sing also of your faithless love,
And what that love has cost."